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First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials —Advertisements

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Barraging Bolshevism

Food relief for various unnamed "populations of Europe and countries contiguous thereto" is to be like a barrage laid down against the spread of Bolshevism. President Wilson cabled to Congress from Paris: "Bolshevism is steadily advancing westward, is poisoning Germany. It cannot be stopped by force, but it can be stopped by food."

The American people will not, if it can help it, see any of the populations in Europe or Asia starve which have suffered in the war without any fault of their own. We are ready not only to lend but to give out of our abundance to the Belgians, Poles, Czecho-Slovaks, Rumanians, South Slavs, Serbians, Montenegrins, Albanians, Armenians and Syrians. We are ready to assist these unfortunate peoples as a duty we owe to humanity—in the same spirit in which we have sought to help them heretofore through the Belgian and Polish relief commissions and the Red Cross. We dare say a straight appeal to American generosity would carry even more weight than any argument based on political expediency. But can we placate Bolshevism only by feeding it? Should we feed it, even to placate it? Is rationing a weapon at all? What we want is a rational ...ical and military policy which will ...e order in Poland and Russia and ...p the sources of the Bolshevist in...on.

...food is sent to the populations of Eastern Europe great care ought to be taken to see that its distribution does not strengthen the hands of those who are conducting the propaganda of anarchism. Lenine and Trotzky have tightened their grip on Russia through control of Russian food supplies. Many support the rule of terror in order to eat. There is no end to that except the end of the food. People cannot practise Bolshevism and feed themselves. They eat at the expense of others.

In every case where food is supplied by the Allied governments the people who receive it must exhibit a willingness to cease to be non-productive—to turn to work. They must be willing to contribute to the restoration of civil order. What the distressed populations of Eastern Europe, now tormented by Bolshevist propaganda, need most after food is some encouragement to become self-supporting once more. And they have been deprived of that encouragement by the utter lack of a clear Allied policy of pacification and reconstruction.

The food question is only one phase of the general Eastern European question, which the Allied governments have persistently pushed into the background. Food can be only a palliative. Whether Eastern Europe is rationed or not, Bolshevism will continue a running sore. If it is not healed before a new European order is established at the peace conference, it will return to plague Europe before the ink is dry on the Versailles settlement.

The Gold Pool vs. Foreign Loans

Simultaneously comes word that the United States and its allies will form an international gold pool and that several governments now seeking direct loans in this country will be encouraged officially and otherwise. Both are excellent steps in the direction of meeting an extremely difficult situation. The gold pool will be, more or less, on the plan of our Federal Reserve system, and the design is to arrange the settlement of trade balances without further shipments of gold from one country to another. This would be an ideal arrangement in normal times. It would be of slight efficacy alone now.

The situation is that our trade balance this year will run three billions in our favor. And it will be a real balance, i. e., there will be but small offsets. The larger part of this debt will be against England, France and Italy. Some way it must be met. Our government can go on loaning billions to the governments of these countries, and they in turn can use these funds in a fashion to liquidate these balances, as in the last year and a half.

That creates an ill-balanced political situation. You can't talk on even terms to a man to whom you owe a great deal of money and want to owe much more. Moreover, these are questions of finance; and a political end to financial arrangements is all wrong. Half a billion in a gold pool, with the United States contributing two-fifths, would not meet the situation at all. Loans, and heavy loans, alone can do that. These loans should be made directly by the thrifty folk of this country. The Treasury seems to have recognized this promptly, and some large foreign loans may soon be floated. That will be an ideal beginning for the United States as a creditor nation and a real power in international finance.

The Nation's Health

The war has taught us much—if we will only remember our lessons! Imperfectly as the health agencies of the nation were unified for the duration of the war, there were immense benefits immediately yielded and there was a promise of vast possibilities. All this is disappearing with the return of peace and will be lost completely unless the proposal for a Federal department of health, with a secretary of health in the President's Cabinet, shall be speedily adopted by Congress.

Under our existing Constitution there is no danger that such a department would absorb every health agency and stifle independent thought. Health is an affair of the states, primarily, under our system, and a national control could at most be directive and advisory, and such authority as it obtained over existing state and private associations and institutions would be wholly voluntary. What, then, would be accomplished? As Dr. Vincent, of the Rockefeller Foundation, made clear in his discussion in last Sunday's Tribune Magazine, coöperation in research would be one of the most important gains. Under the guidance and influence of a national health department possessing the prestige which a seat in the Cabinet would give it, overlapping of effort and confusion could be largely eliminated and united effort secured along many lines. What is not less important, the adoption of half-baked public policies by cities and states would be made unlikely, for there would then be an authoritative central body, whose conclusions and recommendations would be based on a comparison of all evidence and would be generally respected.

In Justice to the Y. M. C. A.

There is danger that a very grave injustice will be done the Y. M. C. A. Our fighters seem to be in a grouch with it. The most human quality of youth is gossip. "If they didn't kick, they wouldn't fight," said an officer in France last summer when he reminded a "Y" secretary that his doughboys were kicking about their mail, their food, their quarters, and their pay.

Before the armistice was signed we used to hear that the Y. M. C. A. was open to criticism behind the lines, but that at the front the services rendered under fire were beyond praise. One commanding officer insisted that the "Y" secretary attached to his battalion march with the men through Paris on the Fourth of July. Secretaries were mentioned in citations and were elected honorary members of outfits.

You can't very well criticise a man when he crawls out to your machine gun nest through a barrage to bring you your smokes and cookies and chocolates and letters from home. And the records show that secretaries did things like that. Many were wounded, some were killed.

The secretary in his hut back in the training area had a harder time and less opportunity to win popularity. He was a country storekeeper, a janitor, a theatrical booking agent, a promoter of athletics and a librarian rolled into one.

Formerly the criticism one heard of the Y. M. C. A. took these difficulties and differences into account, and was at least discriminating; but now it is becoming fashionable to say unpleasant things about the organization, and much of its really fine work is disregarded.

When you remember that each military unit formed its opinion of the whole Y. M. C. A. organization from one Y. M. C. A. secretary you can realize how much energy, tact and resourcefulness each of many hundreds of secretaries should have had. Unfortunately many of them didn't measure up. That was inevitable.

Perhaps the greatest fault of the Y. M. C. A. was that it assumed too many burdens. It was asked by the army to run the canteens, and it did. It was asked to organize entertainments, athletics and educational work, and it did. It was asked to send money home for the soldiers, and it did. The army called for more new secretaries, and still more. The Y. M. C. A. got them and sent them over, believing that, even though all of them weren't ideal, it was better to send them than to let the landing troops be without their huts. And the troops were landing by the hundreds of thousands. The army wanted one secretary for each unit of five hundred men. But with the number of men in the army and the number engaged in jobs which they couldn't leave at home, that goal was never reached. Ask the men who were without "Y" service part of the time. They will tell you what it meant. They are the ones who realize best what our army's life would have been without this organization. The Y. M. C. A. assumed the prosaic, useful jobs. There was little picturesqueness in its work. There were weeks and months of gruelling labor—in warehouses, for instance.

To dismiss with a thoughtless, uninformed word the efforts of an organization which has earnestly tried to do its best is not fair play. One hears the work of the Y. M. C. A. contrasted unfavorably with that of the Red Cross. There is a sentimental reason, perhaps, for that. The basic appeal of the Red Cross is that it helps the helpless. The Y. M. C. A. dealt with whole men. That was the understood division of work between the two organizations. Soldiers who say they didn't see a Y. M. C. A. man or woman from the time they were wounded until they reached home do not realize the reason. And they don't realize how much they hurt the Y. M. C. A. when they make criticism which seems to indicate a lack of human sympathy.

When a man says the Y. M. C. A. sold dear merchandise he doesn't realize that the canteen system, supplanting the post exchanges run by the military in other wars, was run by the "Y," by request, with funds separate from those raised for the regular work of building and manning huts, transporting supplies and furnishing athletics, educational work and entertainment. He doesn't remember, if he ever knew, that supplies were given away under fire.

Dr. Fletcher's Art of Eating

Chance, not services rendered, seems to control the processes by which a person's name is taken up as a common noun, or formed into a verb. Who was Captain Boycott? Nobody knows or cares, yet he yielded one of our meatiest and best of modern words. Will "to fletcherize" last long enough to reach a similar fate? We guess not, judging by the relative disuse into which the word has already fallen. As we read of Dr. Horace Fletcher's death, the idea for which he popularly stood comes back like an echo.

This does an injustice to an unusually able investigator as it happens. Dr. Fletcher has, naturally, receded from that peak of glory wherein he presided at every breakfast table. He remains as a very real contributor to our modern science of dietetics, such as it is. There was nothing new in the idea that mastication aids digestion. We wonder how many millions of gobbling children have been frightened by the shade of Gladstone with his thirty-two chews per morsel! But Dr. Fletcher developed the idea by experimentation upon himself and laid a foundation for much that has come after.

Some of his notions have been overthrown. An essential truth remains and it is probable that no health-theorist has done so much good and so little harm. The fundamental facts that we eat too much and eat too fast are unassailable. Even if Dr. Fletcher's plea for 700 bites to the onion is altogether practicable, his influence was sound and in the right direction. And, unquestionably, if we eat slower we do not care to eat so much.

Modern Legends

The Czar of Russia is lost in legend Unless he shall again appear definitely in the flesh, so that his identity may be positively established before all the world, the question of his fate will be always disputed. He will take his place in the list with the lost Dauphin of France, who is supposed to have lived out a quiet life in America after being spirited away, and with "John Ord," a brother of Franz Josef, who renounced his title and sailed away in a vessel reported lost with all hands, but who is supposed to be living incognito on an obscure, palm-shaded island, far from the reach of the turmoil that marked the last days of the Hapsburg court.

As a result of the conflicting stories now being circulated regarding the Czar, the public mind is already divided as to whether a Bolshevik bullet really ended his life or whether the Count Tatichev, the Emperor's personal military attaché, with a supreme devotion to duty, died in his master's stead. Only the clearing up of the mystery can prevent the reports years hence that in the death of some obscure old man of foreign appearance the end has finally come to him who was once Autocrat of All the Russias.

Epizootic and Influenza

From the hunters of Northern Saskatchewan comes the report that game is being "decimated" by influenza; that the smaller animals show marked symptoms of the disease, and that even the moose are so weakened that they become exhausted quickly when pursued. The report is just another bit of evidence added to the yet unsettled dispute among scientists as to whether or not influenza attacks animals. In earlier days it was accepted without question that such was the case. The frightful epidemic that swept the Greek army in the tenth year of the siege of Troy is believed by many scientists to have been influenza. Homer, describing the ravages of the disease, said:

"On mules and dogs th' infection first began,
And last, the vengeful arrows fix'd themselves on man."

A carefully compiled chronology of influenza, beginning with this supposed Greek outbreak of the disease, records numerous instances wherein both humans and animals seemed to suffer from the same disease. One historian of influenza says:

> "Cows and horses have especially suffered, as is observed in the epidemics of 1733, 1737, 1803, 1831 and 1837. Dogs, cats, deer, sheep and swine have not enjoyed immunity; poultry also; and even fish seemed occasionally to be affected by the morbid influence."

On the other hand, scientists who have experimented with the disease declare they have found it impossible to transfer the compiaint to any of a long list of animals; monkeys alone showed a toxic effect, but true influenza did not develop. These scientists assert that the disease that attacks animals is what is commonly known as epizoötic, the symptoms of which are very similar to those of the influenza which attacks human beings. A generation or two ago, for instance, America almost suffered a transportation tie-up because of an epidemic of epizoötic that attacked the horses.

German papers say that Theodore Roosevelt was the "arch enemy" of Germany. This is the most complete and wholly satisfactory eulogy that has yet been uttered.

How can the Administration expect to cope with the high cost of living if its members continue to resign because they can't live on their salaries?

Thoughts on a Roosevelt Memorial

Additional Suggestions as to the Form the Tribute Shall Take

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: You asked for suggestions for a memorial to Colonel Roosevelt. I should suggest the opening of a new avenue, parallel to Fifth Avenue, between Fifth Avenue and Sixth Avenue. Beginning at the Worth Monument, at Twenty-fifth Street, and running north to Central Park and widening out as it approaches the park, thereby forming an open square. Place in the centre of this square an heroic equestrian statue of Colonel Roosevelt.

Now, at the beginning of this new thoroughfare, at a sufficient distance from the Worth Monument to make it imposing, build the new arch to the soldiers and sailors and heroes of the World War. This new avenue will run through Bryant Park.

W. H. WARNOCK.

Tarrytown, N. Y., Jan. 12, 1919.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: What memorial could we erect that would more entirely sum up the principles that actuated his career and that would become year by year a more appropriate tribute to his memory than by establishing universal service, and thus finish the work he so greatly began? By creating this institution, his name would become inseparably bound up with the very structure of our government. DAVID T. EATON.

Boston, Mass., Jan. 11, 1919.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: When a transcontinental route had been laid out from the Atlantic to the Pacific and named the Lincoln Highway, it was felt that an ideal had been achieved as a memorial to a man of Lincoln's type.

With the Lincoln Highway already well defined and marked for completion, the Roosevelt Highway ready to be outlined from the Atlantic to the Pacific, parallel to the Lincoln, and the Washington awaiting the patriotic impulse of the people of the South, our three most distinguished Presidents would receive the tribute of immortal renown and the country would profit by bonds of ideal communication from one end to another.

FREDERICK LINCOLN SMITH.

Philadelphia, Penn., Jan. 13, 1919.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: What statue could adequately portray the virility of Roosevelt? Or what memorial arch or column would typify the greatest American since Lincoln? None that I can imagine. What, then, should be his memorial? I believe that Gouverneur Morris's suggestion of a "Happy Hunting Ground" is the best one yet made. The chief fault to find with it is that it is so complicated, and really more idealistic than practical.

I have a suggestion of my own to make. It comes near to a practical realization of the "Happy Hunting Ground" proposed by Gouverneur Morris. My idea is to rename the Yellowstone National Park, our scenic wonder of nature, after our great soldier-President. EARL W. PHELAN.

Ithaca, N. Y., Jan. 12, 1919.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Why not rename the Congressional Library, at Washington, D. C., the "Roosevelt Library," since that is the greatest American library? Then, again, upon what body of men should the memory of the life and character of Theodore Roosevelt have greater influence than upon the governing bodies of these United States?

R. C. WORMLEY.

Plainfield, N. J., Jan. 12, 1919.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I am a student in the Commercial High School, of Brooklyn, and my plan is to have designated in each high school library, and, if possible, in every public library in the city, a section known as the "Roosevelt Division," wherein will be placed all of Mr. Roosevelt's works, his travels and his biography—in short, everything that pertains to him, written either by himself or others.

GEORGE VOGEL (aged 15).

Brooklyn, Jan. 12, 1919.

Rescuing Porto Rico

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: The great problem the solution of which is an imperative need for the welfare of the vast majority of Porto Ricans is economic; we must have a thoroughgoing reform in our economic and industrial life if we are to avoid a future of terrible misery. And we have no Porto Rican who can be trusted to undertake such a task and honestly and efficiently carry it through. The only appointed official we could trust would be one who comes from the United States, with his heart and mind dominated by the purpose of working for Porto Rico in the spirit of the people of the United States.

Independence as a movement is wholly farcical. What it really means to the men behind it is that all the remaining Americans in the government should be turned out and good coreligionarios put in. It has no serious meaning for the working classes, but conditions are so bad to-day that there is fertile ground for even independence when they talk of their golden age. As a matter of fact, political changes in the government of the island, whether it be territory, state or an independent republic, are of secondary importance. The intensely important fact is this: there must be a great, a radical change in the island's economic situation.

That is why I want the investigating commission to come. Let fair, honest representatives named by the National War Labor Board look at conditions here and clearly and fairly tell the facts of our industrial and economic life. Let them say what must be done if we are to be rescued from misery, poverty and ignorance and given a chance to be a self-respecting, prosperous, happy community.

Action is very badly needed in Porto Rico, since the actual Commissioner of Health of the island just the other day has stated that the men, women and children suffering from the "influenza" commonly die from starvation rather than from the results of the disease itself. And there were several poor, wretched persons who died in the interior of the island without proper medical attention or medicines or nourishment!

SANTIAGO IGLESIAS,
President Free Federation of Labor, of Porto Rico.

San Juan, P. R., Jan. 8, 1919.

BERLIN—

—From *The Los Angeles Times*

The Business Future of Flying

Evan J. David in The Saturday Evening Post

EVEN though the aeroplane does travel the shortest route in the shortest time between any two given points, before a sufficient number of passengers can be induced to travel via the aerial line to make it financially profitable to the transportation company the public must be assured that it is reasonably safe; that they can fly in comfort; and that the price is reasonable. So let us first see what has been done and what is being done to satisfy those three requisites.

The dangers of aeroplane flight have been grossly exaggerated by newspapers, which record only the unusual. Moreover, flying in the war zone was done under the most adverse and dangerous circumstances. Also the machines were built for manœuvring ability and speed, and not for stability and safety factors. Furthermore, all the scouts and most of the reconnoissance and battle planes were driven by only one motor, so that if engine trouble developed they had to volplane to the ground at the mercy of the anti-aircraft guns and the aerial fighters. Finally, they often had to land in shell-scarred terrain. Naturally the casualties were high. Indeed, the war in the air was meant to be as perilous and dangerous as it could be.

Discomforts Overcome

There were three discomforts of air travel—the cold, the noise of the motor and the lack of room in moving about. Electrically heated clothes eliminate the cold; acousticons, which shut out the noise of the motor but which permit the passengers or aviators to converse together, have already been installed and are in universal use on aeroplanes. With the increase in the size of the aeroplanes and the number of motors, the nacelles and the inclosed roomy cabins can be constructed as they were on the famous Sykorsky aerobus, which was built in Russia before the war. This aeroplane carried twenty-one people to an altitude of seven thousand feet. On this trip they had ample room to move about and to observe the sky and the landscape. On Thanksgiving Day last a half dozen guests of an American aircraft factory had their turkey dinner served in a huge aeroplane above the clouds.

It is true that owing to the cost of the aeroplanes and the aero motors, their upkeep and the number of skilled men required to fly and maintain them, all aerial travel is expensive. The two-seater training machines equipped with one motor cost five to seven thousand dollars, and the huge bimotored bombing machines averaged forty to sixty thousand dollars. This price was due to the necessity for hurried construction. For everything that went into the building of the aero motor and the machine itself and also for the labor the very highest price had to be paid. Tools, machinery, factories, fields, hangars and a thousand other things had to be purchased, and a great body of skilled workmen had to be trained before aircraft could be turned out in quantity.

Now all this skill and billions of money have been invested in the industry so that the plants in this country are ready to manufacture nearly two hundred a day. With this nucleus to start a peace construction programme the price of even the biggest machines must soon shrink to that of a high-priced automobile or private yacht. Plenty of sporting machines with a small wing spread and a two-cylinder motor that will sell for five hundred dollars are now being made; and since these machines can average twenty-two miles on a gallon of gasolene the expense of maintaining one of these will not be out of the means of hundreds of the young fliers who are now returning from flying on the West Front. Moreover, since there will be no maintenance of roads, rails, live wires, and so on, such as there is in the railroad and electric road industries, the cost of maintenance will be infinitely smaller, so that aerial travel may become cheaper than any other known to man. . . .

Inexpensive Flyabouts

Perhaps the best indication of what we may expect of the aeroplane as a commercial carrier is embodied in the present plans of the manufacturers of aircraft. Using the past history of the heavier-than-air machines' performance and their own experience and the experience of tens of thousands of fliers under all imaginable circumstances and conditions as a basis, they are building various types of aircraft. More than a score of American and British firms have already built and are putting upon the market large numbers of sports models. These machines are single and double seaters after the type of the famous Baby Nieuports, Spads and British Sopwith Pups. They have a wing spread of anywhere from seventeen to thirty feet. The fuselage measures between ten and twenty feet. Some are equipped with one small motor generating from twenty horse-power up to forty horse-power. Most of these motors are upright, like the ones used on motorcycles. The whole machine will not weigh more than five hundred pounds, and these models are able to fly at eighty to one hundred miles an hour and make an average of twenty miles or more on a gallon of gas. The price of these will depend on the demand, but most manufacturers believe they will sell for five hundred to a thousand dollars. These machines are so small that they can be landed on any road or field. Besides, the small amount of space they occupy will make it possible to house them inexpensively and they can be used for any kind of 'cross-country flying.

The second type of the sports model has a wing spread of twenty-six to thirty-eight feet. These wings can be folded back so that the aeroplane can be housed in a hangar ten by thirty feet, with ample room for the owner to work indoors on the machine. The fuselage is proportionately larger than that on the smaller machine. This aeroplane is equipped with a four-cylinder upright motor or an air-cooled rotary motor of the Gnome style with nine or eleven cylinders, generating up to ninety horse-power. Some also have two small twenty horse-power engines geared to the one propeller so they can be throttled down, or in case one stalls the other can take the fliers to their aerodrome without being forced to land. Some models have two motors on the smaller machines. These aircraft will sell for about the price of a medium-cost automobile. . . .

Naturally no manufacturing industry can exist without a potential market. Aircraft manufacturers are sure the majority of the twenty thousand fliers and hundred thousand aero mechanics who have learned their trade in the great war will want to fly either machines of their own or of somebody else or of some trans-aerial company. The aeronautical engineers have, therefore, designed the sports type for the young fellows who wish to face in the air, travel from country town to country town, from lake to river, or to commute from country to city. Since these machines fly faster than the fastest bird or the fleetest animal they will afford great sport for gunners. Indeed, the machines have already been used with such disastrous effects upon the bird that many hunters say it is not good sportsmanship to hunt from them.

The Conning Tower

To W. Hohenzollern, on Continuing The Conning Tower

Well, William, since I wrote you long ago—
As I recall, one cool October morning—
I have The Tribune files. They clearly show
I gave you warning—

Since when I penned that consequential ode,
The world has seen a vast amount of slaughter,
And under many a Gallic bridge has flowed
A lot of water.

I said that when your people ceased to strafe,
That when you'd put an end to all this war stuff,
And all the world was reasonably safe
I'd write some more stuff;

That when you missed the quip and wanton wile
And learned you couldn't bear a Towerless season,
I quote: "O, I shall not be petty. . . . I'll
Listen to reason."

Labuntur anni, not to say *Ehea Fugaces!* William, by my shoulders glistening!
I have the final laugh, for it was you
Who did the listening.

Speaking as one who used to be of those who were known as swivel chair officers, we hereby go on record that between October 4, 1917, and last night we sat in never a swivel chair.

In honor of the far-famed Fourteen Points, it had been our intention to run this Minaret of Militarism in 14-pt. Wilson, but Mike, the demon make-up, says that'd never do. So, instead, the column is 14 ems wide.

Variation 867

"I was with Grant," the soldier said,
"And I don't mind telling you
That I had lunch with Grantland Rice
One day at G. H. Q."

Aged readers will recall Old Doc Merz, of the un-Midan touch. They will remember that Mr. Merz journeyed to the Mexican border and arrived there just as the war crumbled; that he then became managing editor of "Harper's Weekly," which melted away under his scorching jurisdiction; and that, in June, 1916, he secretaried for the Progressive party. "I wonder," Lieutenant C. Merz writes from Paris, "if, when you saw by the papers that Germany had signed an armistice, you said to yourself: Well, Docco's gone and pulled another one.' Speaking as an authority on quick finishes, I may say that while this particular war lasted a little longer than the Mexican and 'Harper's Weekly' and Progressive affairs, its actual windup came as speedily as any deathbed scene I've ever sat in on."

"Things are pretty elegant for us now," continues Lieutenant Merz. "From our windows at 4 Place de la Concorde, the Peace Mission Headquarters, we have a good view of a fine old brick wall, some two feet away, and we have a little French stove that keeps the room so hot we have to keep the windows open and darn near freeze to death. On our desks we have a number of wire trays, suitable for matches, handkerchiefs, etc. And there is a push-button system which works very simply. If you press the 'Stenographer' button, an orderly appears, and if you press the 'Orderly' button, nothing at all happens. . . . Herb Swope arrived to-day, and took general charge of a good deal. . . . I was planning to send you some snap-shots of myself; but they've been in a French camera store only nineteen days, so they're not finished yet."

The Cosmic Urge in Cedar Rapids

[From The Motion Picture Magazine]

The Mortgaged Wife, with Dorothy Phillips—Well liked by patrons. Fair picture. Drew well. Beginning to think folks like sex stuff. Isis Theatre, Cedar Rapids, Ia.

There was a luncheon club that met every Tuesday in Washington. At one of the November luncheons the names of two candidates, Major Raymond Pullman and Major Arthur Train—a juxtaposition nobody commented on at the time, by the way—were presented. Major Pullman is chief of the Washington Police Department, and he made a speech to the writers present, telling them that if they were looking for things to write about after the war, the theme of the insufficient pay of Washington policemen might offer possibilities. Ever since Major Pullman gave us the idea we have been nursing it and trying to make it talk, but long disuse has caused our battery to run down and we can't get much out of the whimsey. However, we promised the Major that we'd say something about it the first chance we got, so: According to Major Raymond Pullman, the Washington policeman is insufficiently paid.

"Parsnips," says a Food Garden expert, "are best left in the ground." We agree.—Punch.

Our Ally in all wars, the British.

Replying to the frequent query as to what returned warriors feel like, it may be stated that some feel like Enoch Arden and some like Ulysses.

We feel like Rip Van Winkle.

F. P. A.